

LINES

SUGGESTED BY

THE FAST,

APPOINTED

ON WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1799.

By CHARLES LLOYD,

AUTHOR OF

EDMUND OLIVER, LETTER TO THE ANTI-JACOBIN, &c. &c.

"Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy door about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, untill the indignation be overpast.

"For, behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity: the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain."

ISAIAH, chap. xxvi. ver. 20, 21.

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TO
CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, Esq;

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

THE FOLLOWING

P O E M,

IS

MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY

CHARLES LLOYD.



L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY

T H E F A S T,

Appointed for Wednesday, February 27, 1799.

HUMBLE yourselves, my Countrymen!—Bow down
The stubborn neck of Pride! for east, and west,
Do Anarchy and Outrage raise a shout,
And tempt with blasphemy the God of Heaven!—
Humble yourselves, my Countrymen!—behold,
Save in this quiet isle, how Discord stalks,
Spoiling the fair Creation. Discord, Child
Of grasping Lust*, who, many-handed beast,
Seizes whate'er of rich munificence,
Or plenteous benefit is pour'd abroad;

* From whence come *wars* and *fightings* among you? come they not hence,
even of your *lusts* that war in your members?

St. James's epistle, 4 chap. 1 verse.

B

Wallowing

Wallowing unprofited, and unendow'd,
'Mid all that ministers to use and joy.

Why have WE such immunity from woe?
Why is the wrath of heaven averted hence?
What have WE left undone, or what perform'd,
To appease the God of Justice?—Countrymen—
With minds not unprepar'd; and consecrate
From all imaginations light, and vain,
From all unholy and polluting things,
Seek out the hidden cause: and if ye find
(As sure ye will) no argument to calm
The *humble man** who loves his brethren all,
And knows their crimes; and night, and morn, puts up
A silent prayer for them who heed him not;
With deeply-smitten, and o'erflowing hearts,
Turn to the God of Love!——

* Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine, and her rain, her blooming fields,
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When Isaac-like, the solitary faint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think of her who thinks not for herself.

COWPER'S TASK.

There

There is abroad
An evil Spirit*; a spirit evil and foul,
Who under fair pretence of *modern lights*,
And vain philosophy, parcels the dole
Of human happiness (that quality
Sought for six thousand tedious years† in vain)
With lavish distribution! who with speech

* The spirit of insubordination. The spirit of political, moral, and religious Jacobinism.

† I am happy in the opportunity afforded me of introducing the following striking extract, from some lines, intended as a satire on the Godwinian jargon.

Some braver spirits of the *modern sort*
Affect a Godhead nearer; these talk loud
Of mind and independent intellect;
And energies omnipotent in man;
And man, of his own fate, Artificer,
Yea, of his own life, Lord! When time shall be
That life immortal shall become an Art,
And Death by chemic practises deceiv'd,
Forego the scent, which for six thousand years,
Like a good hound he's follow'd; and at length
More manners learning, and a decent sense,
And reverence of a *philosophic world*,
Relent and cease to prey on carcases.—

CHARLES LAMB.

Drest up in metaphysick eloquence,
 And eked out plausibly with abstract phrase,
 Would snatch from God himself the agency
 Of good and ill!—would spoil for ornament,
 † *Particular* and *relative*, this universe;
 Where circumscribed frailty and defect*,

† The modern philosophy rejects all restraints upon passions *not unamiable in themselves*, and considers the indulgence of them as a *natural right*, forgetting, that moral temperaments obtain their character of good or ill, from what they immediately have a reference to. For instance, friendship may in the abstract be denominated a virtue; but if it interfere with the interests of our country, or the interests of our family, its character is altogether changed. Love, the most virtuous in itself, may be unlawful. Benevolence may deserve the name of Prodigality. There is no passion, therefore, however it may seem to suit the nature of man, with regard to which, in its naked and separate character, we may affirm an universal right to influence the conduct. Modern philosophy rejects the doctrine of obedience—in short, every institution which supposes man (as he certainly is in general) rather a creature of *habits forced upon him*, than of self-derived principles: it forgets that virtue is a principle of computation, subtracting from one disposition in order to give to another—leaning always to those qualities the most susceptible of indefinite progression: and at times demanding the sacrifice of a “right eye,” or a “right hand.” Modern philosophy is always seeking for the full perfection of body, and the full perfection of mind—for lust and intellect—for pleasure and wisdom!--Possessions how incompatible!

* Jacobinism only concerns itself with *rights*---Christianity enjoins *duties*. *This* by a summary justice would extirpate evil---*That* teaches to sanctify it by abiding patiently under its usurpation.

And

And harmless prejudice†, and discipline,
 Lead on the social, and religious man,
 (A thing more sensitive than rational,
 Whom one poor unrepealable restraint
 More benefits than thousand *abstract* truths)
 To gifted penitence, and righteous rule,
 And meek suspension of the human will,
 Till He imbibe the Heaven-evolved lore
 Of wisdom and divine Philosophy,
 Through many a fruitful, and unfruitful age
 Piously register'd! And so prepar'd,
 By patient noting of the ministeries
 Of Heaven below; in shadows manifest;
 And dim relations; binding ages past,
 With present times, and ages yet unborn;
 By persevering patience so prepar'd,

† When I speak of harmless prejudice, I would not be supposed to recommend prejudice for its *own sake*: but while the human will remains depraved as it is, and the direction of the human powers equivocal as it has been, is, and is likely to be, it should seem that habits, though they be not founded on immutable rules, if they act as a check on licentiousness, ought to be respected, as leading to a state far preferable to that which leaves man unfortified, and open to all the false theories, and false lights of ignorant and designing persons.

(And

(And mind that loves to find a good in evil,
Not banish evil for uncertain good.)
The vast procession of created beings,
The *Will* that links the *wilest* elements,
In a perpetuated influence,
To *Highest* natures, He shall comprehend:
Till the magnificence of forms unveil'd
The universal world shall seem to him
A scene of order, and progressive joy,
A blaze of light where God himself transfus'd
Lives in no fabled presence!

This foul spirit
God's holy place irreverently treading,
Breaks its solemnities, and shameless brings,
Scandal on many a sacred ordinance.
It mocks neglected worth, and secret grief,*
That dare not lift a streaming eye to Heaven!
It promiseth the beauteous fruit of peace,
And virtue's coronet, no trial past,
No fiery anguish of the human will
Quench'd with sweet drops of mercy!

* All retrospective feelings, and duties, repentance, &c. are banished from
Mr. Godwin's creed.

SEE POLITICAL JUSTICE.

'Twould

'Twould revoke

The *judgment*† and the *privilege* annex'd
 To Wealth, and Talents, Influence, and Power !
 'Twould snatch the promis'd blessing from the poor,
 Hatching an obstinate sedition
 From pamper'd lust and infidel despair;
 And blot out from its calendar of grace
 Faith and forbearance; and deride the heart
 That seeks in this "tempestuous state of things,"
 To live a life whose inoffensive rule
 Owes not its charter to the earth's wise men.

How were the graces of the mind produc'd?
 Did not omniscient Deity defer
 To banish hence, the appointed difference
 Of states, and things, of joys, and earthly stores,
 Of office, and magnificence, and rank,
 Which some mis-named wise affect to call

† The judgment and the privilege.

By the first I mean the temptations connected with these endowments, and the condemnation consequent on yielding to them: and by the second, the means which they afford of enlarging the sphere of individual usefulness. Man may try but he will never make of this any other than a scene of probation. We carry in ourselves the poison to permanent happiness—we must have variety, and without the *external* shiftings of good and evil, while we remain
 with

(Masking their hate in scorn) *human abuse*,
A vicious usurpation?—Countrymen,—
 Beware of these, so opulent in speech,
 So fair and plausible,—beware of these!—
 For they would separate what their God has join'd
 In mystic co-existence, evil and good,
 Pleasure and Pain, Honour and Infamy!—
 This is a scheme of means—we vainly look
 For ends, or resting-places here obtain'd!—
 Where were temptation Vice annihilate?
 Could Charity exist where never came
 The ills of persecution? Love perform
 Its perfect work where Hate inflicts no wound?
 Could pity weep had man no miseries?
 Meekness endure did proud men ne'er prevail?
 Or Faith with fixed eye, be crown'd above
 Did not some clouds obscure the moral world?

with our present natures, we should be more miserable than we are at present. How much more exalted that philosophy, which representing us as *stewards*, teaches us to consider ourselves as accountable for the use of all that we possess, and to hold it with a subdued attachment, moreover to be patient under its privation; than *that*, which considering us as *masters*, represents all relative inequality as an insupportable injustice; making us tenacious of fruition till it becomes anguish, and impatient of want till it becomes despair.

I ask

I ask of Thee, thou poor oppressed Man,
 Who friendless feel'st thyself, save when thou turn'st
 To the everlasting friend—I ask of Thee
 Whose actions never have been understood,
 Whom falsely-fixed blame (attach'd to deeds
 Inexplicable, save to the All-seeing One)
 Has led a superficial world to cast
 Among its vile dishonourable things;—
 I ask of thee, whether the darkest hour
 Of man's rejection, has not brought a boon
 Thou prizest more than worlds.—Thou lovedst all,
 And perhaps thou lovedst ONE, a fellow being,
 Better than life itself—thou hadst a soul
 Of deepest, tenderest feeling—yet for thee
 There was a fix'd and secret interdict
 Inwoven in the mystery of thy fate,
 Which blasted all thy promises of joy!
 It seem'd that thou wert guilty—'twas not so!
 Thou wert what *proud men* call unfortunate!—
 I ask of thee again oppressed man,
 If this withdrawing of all goodly things,
 All the desirable blessings of the earth,
 Has not more wrought in thee; more solid peace,

More quiet joy, and heavenly grace, produc'd
Than aught a *smiling providence* could give?

And these resources which we ne'er foresee,
But which experience sanctified by Heaven
Holds it most safe to trust, this evil spirit
Would utterly destroy; impatient ever
Of present ill; and ne'er from pious faith
Trusting that all things tend to happiness.—
This evil spirit misnamed *Liberty*—
Licentiousness 'mong wise men deem'd, and call'd
By angels *blasphemy*; rejects a God
Not seeing as man sees; who sets at nought
All earthly wisdom, and of smallest things
Works mighty marvels of stupendous power!

But heed not, Countrymen, the *bleating Wolf*!
Humble yourselves before the God of Heaven
Remembering still that Liberty ne'er comes
Where* more of wishes, more of lusts intrude
Than human skill has power to gratify!
That Liberty comes not with laws relax'd;

* He is the freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside.

With

With troublous opposition; and with rude
 And boisterous promise, that futurity
 Blest with the flush of prosperous event,
 And grac'd with revel joys, shall put to shame
 The pale experience. Rather Liberty
 Thou liv'st with social confidence and peace!
 Where reasoning from the unfallacious past,
 We trust with sweet and sober certainty
 The issue of the meditated deed.—
 Or rather Liberty thou lov'st to dwell
 Where personal honour, not defined rules;
 Where manly generosity, and pride
 That shrinks from every stain; not civic laws
 That force us to be free, till freedom's self
 Becomes a galling servitude, are found!

Then bow yourselves, my Countrymen, and own
 That in a world where voluntary slaves
 Exist by millions; wretched slaves to vice—
 That in a world where victims to the sword,
 Famine, and pestilence, are swept away
 As summer insects by an eastern blast,—
 That in a world like this—you're BLEST and FREE!

FINIS.

[illegible]